

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

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TIME WAS—TIME IS.

Time was long years ago
When warriors' blood did flow
To win a lady's silken snood or dainty ribbon
When just to gain a smile
They fought a weary while,
And thought her glances a rich reward for
many a painful trial.

Time is when men appear
At wedding feasts to meet,
And talk of the "inferior sex" with unbecom-
ing jeer;
Politeness they ignore,
Vote etiquette a bore,
And say that chivalry's a thing we don't need
any more.

Time was when rags were doffed
At greeting shy and soft,
Or when with feigning gallantry a lady's health
was sought;
Time is, the lady said,
When she sticks fast to head,
I wonder if the gentleman wear Derby hats to
bed.

Time was when manhood's care
Was to protect the fair,
To shelter her from stinging blasts and chilly,
Nighly breezes;
Time is when she or Pan
Goes out with her young man,
He takes the inside of the way,
And she—she waits where she can.

Time was, I fancy, when
If "dresses" had run their,
A girl would not have been denied a seat by
scowling men;
Time is when men declare
Their healthiest "it not impair"
By sitting on the knife-edge and catching
cold up there.

Time was when youths were taught
To not sagittate night,
And not to smoke the jovial pipe when they
were being courted;
Time is, there is not a trace
Of deferential grace,
And modern gallants puff their smoke right
in a lady's face.

Time was, time was, alas!
It speedeth on so fast,
That chivalry and courtesy are virtues of the
past;
Time is—but what's the use
Of aiming my abuse
At intellects so shallow, so narrow and ob-
tuse?

—Detroit Free Press.

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Driven From Sea to Sea,

OR, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF J. E. DOWNEY
& CO., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

But now all knew to a certainty that
the family circle was to be broken, and
broken somewhat ruthlessly.

To Lucy there constantly came the
thought that Erastus was going be-
cause of his love for her, although he
made no sign and she could only sur-
mise.

She realized, too, more and more,
how dearly she loved him, and that a
union with Mr. Anselmy, separating
her as it would do from all she held
most dear, would not bring her happi-
ness. She saw now that her lover had
no influence which could be used to aid
the settlers in obtaining justice from
the mining company, and that, even if
he should be generous enough to give
direct personal assistance to her own
family, which somehow she doubted,
her father was far too proud to ac-
cept it.

Then the thought which had come to
her during the ride home from the
landing, when the announcement of
her engagement had been made, that
her family must think her selfishly seek-
ing an alliance with one who was con-
nected with the cause of their mis-
fortunes, returned to her again and
again, producing a feeling that she was
excluded from their innermost thoughts
and affections, which could not but af-
fect her actions, however she might
struggle against it, and which, re-
acting upon the others, very nearly
produced the feeling she deplored.

Mrs. Parsons felt that her flock of
younglings were about to take wing,
that the children for whom she had in-
vested and planned and lived were to
go from her, in all probability never to
be reunited on earth again. Not only
Erastus, but Lucy, and then Jennie,
would soon seek homes for themselves;
and that, too, far away from their par-
ents, who were to be left alone and
lonely in their old age.

No, not quite alone. Johnny would
never leave them, no matter what else
might happen, the bird with the broken
wing would not leave the home nest.

But what if the nest should be de-
stroyed, and the crippled bird be left to
suffer from lack of food and shelter?

She and John were getting old now.
She had never recognized this as a fact
before, but now she felt that it was
true. Supposing that the ranch should
be destroyed, and they in their old age,
and with a helpless child, be turned out
to begin again?

Suppose—but no, she would not think
of it. The Lord would provide. They
had been through many trials, and their
sufferings had not been more than they
could bear, and she must not permit
herself to be gloomy and so add to the
sufferings of the others.

She went about her work with a
cheerful air, putting Erastus' clothing
in the best possible repair; made him
new shirts and underclothes, and did
many little things besides, which she
thought might add to his comfort when
he should be far from her, with none to
do these little favors for him.

As for John Parsons, he was simply
passive.

The gleam of sunshine which had
come to him when hope revived with
the beginning of the work on the dam
had died out, and he saw nothing bright
in the gloom which enveloped him.

He went around in a quiet kind of
way, saying little, but striving to add
what he could to the physical comfort
of each member of his family, but
neither suggesting nor opposing any-
thing.

And now the morning of the day on
which Erastus was to leave them had
arrived.

The wagon which he was to take had
been loaded the day before. There was
a bed and bedding, his trunk containing
his personal effects, and a box into
which Mrs. Parsons and the girls had
managed, unknown to him, to put sev-
eral little articles of comfort or luxury
as a pleasant surprise and reminder of
them when he should unpack it at the
end of the journey.

There was also a plow and a few
other agricultural and mechanical im-
plements, several sacks of grain for the
cattle, and provisions sufficient to last a
little time after he should reach his des-
tination.

Silently he took the hand of the man
who had been the only father he had
ever known. With all his might he
strive to say good-bye, but could not
master his voice, and he dropped the
hand, kissed each of the women in
turn, and without a word sprang upon
the wagon and drove away out of their
sight.

As the family turned to enter the
house, old Bose, who had appeared not
exactly to understand the cause of all
he had seen, looked inquiringly up into
their faces and then away in the direc-
tion in which the wagon had disap-
peared, as if to ask if this was anything
more than the usual daily trip to town.

Apparently convinced by the sorrow-
ful looks of all that something grave
had occurred, he lifted his nose in the
air and gave a long, low, mournful
howl, and lay down with his head upon
his outstretched paws, and continued to
look down the road.

He never returned to his old place
upon the kitchen porch, but always,
until he died, was to be found near the
same spot in the front yard, with his
head turned in one direction, and if not
sleeping, with his old eyes fixed upon
the point in the road where a wagon
coming over the hill would first be vi-
sible. Occasionally, if hungry, he would
go to the kitchen for food, but usually
it was carried to him, and one morning
when they went to feed him, they
found him dead, his head upon his out-
stretched paws, as if still looking down
the road.

CHAPTER XVII. DESOLATION.

Erastus was six days in making the
journey to Mussels Slough, and a deso-
late looking country he found it.
For miles and miles, at this season of
the year, not a green thing appeared
upon which to fasten the smallest hope
of ever changing the waste into fertile
fields of grass and grain.

The settlers already there seemed
upon the verge of starvation. But three
or four inches of rain fell during the en-
tire year, and for months at a time the
soil was unmoistened even by dew.
Those who possessed a little money
when they came had expended it in
futile efforts to produce a crop, and all
were now dependent for the means of
subsistence upon small patches of
ground near the lake, distant in many
instances from four to a ven miles from
their claims.

Even these patches had to be con-
stantly guarded from droves of raven-
ous and wild wild cattle belonging to
the herdsmen who gave little attention,
and who were ill disposed toward any
attempts at inclosing or cultivating the
land which, although seemingly little
better than a desert, at certain periods
of the year produced a thin growth of
wild alfalfa upon which their stock fed,
being in the main driven to better pas-
tures as the dry season advanced.

These patches of ground were made
fertile by their nearness to Lake Tulare,
and by being but little above the level
of its waters.

Veritable oases in the desert these
spots seemed, and upon them the set-
tlers raised the few bushels of corn and
beans and vegetables which formed
their sole means of subsistence while
prosecuting the work of reclaiming their
claims by the herculean task of digging
an irrigating ditch upwards of twenty
miles long, by means of which they were
to obtain water from the river above
them, and convert the desert into a
garden.

But if these oases furnished garden
spots for the settlers they were also de-
sired by the herdsmen, for a few of
whose cattle they supplied pasturage
the year round, and being without the
means of fencing them in, the protec-
tion of their little crops meant a con-
stant watch upon the cattle, and one
which consumed the entire time of
some member of each family.

Owing to the lack of food, but few
were able to keep teams, and that they
contained the unequal contest for their
homes can only be understood when it
is known that of all the rich farming
lands of the State not an acre remained
for pre-emption or purchase except at
second-hand, and as a rule, in large
bodies, being held by corporations or
individuals who claimed it under pre-
tended grants from Spain or Mexico,
given before California was ceded to
the United States, or by act of Congress
since that time. So that this barren,
sandy plain offered the only hope for
poor men in California of obtaining a
portion of the inheritance of the race.

Besides, they had confidence that,
once irrigated, it would produce abun-
dantly, and well repay all their labors
by future yields of fruit and grain.

All efforts to induce men with capital
to invest in the enterprise of settling the
ditch and depending upon the sale of
water privileges for reimbursements
had failed—the idea that any amount
of water could render the sand of the

plains fertile being scouted as vision-
ary, the land being judged not worth
paying taxes upon—and the settlers had
undertaken the task themselves, all
unaided, and had been two years at
work on the main ditch when Erastus
Hemmingway arrived in the commu-
nity.

So dreary and forbidding was the
outlook that he felt tempted to leave
again immediately, but, knowing that
no land remained open for pre-emption
elsewhere in the State, at last he de-
cided to stay and cast his lot with those
who were so manfully struggling to
overcome the difficulties by which they
were surrounded.

Guided in part by the advice of such
acquaintances as he had made since his
arrival, he located a claim of one hun-
dred and sixty acres, and made ar-
rangements to live for a time in the
family of a settler who was on a claim
adjoining his own, agreeing to pay a
small sum weekly for such food and
accommodations as they could offer.

Of the half-dozen men who accom-
panied Erastus to the Slough, not one
had the hardihood to remain. All were
too much discouraged by the outlook,
and either returned to the old neigh-
borhood or sought places for rent in
other portions of the country.

When he had staked out his claim
Erastus hitched up and drove across
the country until he found pasturage,
and a rancher who was willing to let
the cattle run with his own stock, until
such time as the light rains, which
might be expected to fall a few months
later, should revive the seemingly dead
grass of the Mussels Slough country.
He then returned to the Slough on foot,
and went to work with his fellow-set-
tlers upon the ditch, which was their
only hope.

For weeks and months he worked in
company with these men, many of
whom had worked through all the
weeks and months of the two previous
years; lifted—often without bread of
any kind for long periods at a time,
sleeping upon the ground almost as fre-
quently as in a bed, working at night
as well as by day, their families camp-
ing in wretched little huts at the lake
watching the patches of vegetables and
corn upon which their very existence
depended.

When the rain came and vegetation
started up, the cattle were brought down
from their pasture and made to do a
portion of labor on the ditch; their
young master taking the best care of
them possible under the circumstances.
He had written home soon after pos-
sibly deciding to locate at the Slough,
but had refrained from giving a very
accurate description of the country or
of his prospects, not wishing to excite
any anxiety in the minds of his friends
regarding his welfare. In reply he had
received letters from the family telling
him of affairs in the old neighborhood.
Then for some weeks he was silent, not
feeling that he had anything cheer-
ful to communicate, and dreading, yet
longing, to hear further regarding the
engagement between Lucy and Mr.
Anselmy.

Meantime the dam which was to save
the Parsons settlement from the over-
flow had been completed, but scarcely
was the work accomplished before it
became evident that it would not long
stay the mass of slickings which was
coming down in such immense quanti-
ties from the mines above as to have
filled the gulch itself a hundred feet
deep for ten miles below Gravel Hill,
and in spite of the fact that large quan-
tities of it were turned aside into the
new channel cut for it above the dam,
it was slowly but surely filling the
whole gorge and would soon rise above
that structure, even if it did not sweep
it away.

Another meeting of the settlers was
called, at which it was resolved to ap-
ply to the courts for a perpetual in-
junction restraining the companies from
emptying their slickings into the gorge.

The services of a prominent attorney
of San Francisco were secured and ap-
plication for the injunction made.

But there were delays.

The attorneys for the mining com-
panies asked for time in which to pro-
duce evidence to show why the injunc-
tion should not issue, and although the
settlers pleaded the absolute necessity
to them of immediate action, the time
asked was given and even twice ex-
tended.

Then some technicality in the law or
the papers in the case was discovered,
and still further time consumed.

By this time the fall rains had com-
menced, and a few days later the gorge
above the dam was full, not of water
alone, but of earth and stones, which,
pressing against that hastily built
structure, swept it away and went
pouring over the valley and farm lands
below.

The bed of the creek was at once
filled with sand and gravel. Rush and
timbers from the broken dam, together
with whole trees washed down by the
operations at the mines, were swept
along with the current and, finding
lodgment, formed a barrier which in
turn banked up the water and earth
behind it, until over whole farms the
worthless soil from the mountains rose
to a depth of ten or twelve feet, bury-
ing orchards and vineyards, and even
some small buildings beneath the ac-
cumulated mass.

Powerless to stay its course, John
and Martha Parsons saw the flood of
death rise about them. Saw first their
lower fields flooded and made valueless.
Then saw the flood rise about the
grape-vines until they were buried
from sight, and the mass of earth and
water, rising more slowly now, reached
the orchard and the higher grounds
upon which stood the cottage with its
outlying farm buildings.

Day by day they watched the horri-
ble mass close in about them.
Now the topmost limbs of the peach

trees alone appeared in sight, and then
disappeared entirely.

At night the garden fence had been
reached; in the morning it was a foot
deep within the inclosure, and was rap-
idly approaching the door yard from
three sides.

Now it reaches the front gate, creeps
through the lattice fence and up the
gravel walk. One by one the flower-
beds disappear, swallowed up by the
horrible amassment that is winding its
folds about the doomed cottage, whose
inmates watch its approach in helpless
agony, knowing that no human power
can prevent the total destruction of all
that years of toil and economy, had en-
abled them to accumulate.

What is to be done?
Already a dozen of the neighbors
have been driven from their houses and
are domiciled in those more remote
from the scene of the overflow, or are
camping out among the hills overlooking
their desolate homes.

A few more days and the ocean of
mud and water will enter their own
cottage; where shall they seek for re-
fuge?

There is no one in the cottage now
but John and Martha Parsons and the
crippled boy; the young girl who was
with them for a time having returned
to her own home, and Jennie and Lucy
being still in San Francisco.

Evidently the girls could not long re-
main at school now, for their parents
had no longer any means of paying
their expenses. Every dollar of the in-
come of the past year had been ex-
pended in paying for work upon the
dam and in the effort to obtain the
injunction, and but fifty dollars re-
mained in bank of that once laid aside
to aid Erastus, now upon his own
claim at the Slough.

"The girls must come home," Mrs.
Parsons had said when word came
that the dam had broken and all was
lost.

"We must send for them, father. If
we are to lose everything we can not
pay their expenses in the city any longer,
and if you will take it to the office I
will write a letter at once, telling them
to come by the first boat."

But her husband pointed to the lake
of mud and water, already six or eight
feet deep, over the road across the
creek bottom.

"We can't get to the landing," he
said. "A horse would mire in that
stuff, for he got half way to the bridge."

"Then we must go to the landing
above. Can't you get some of the
neighbors to go for you? Mr. Ritchie's
Henry will go, I think. You know
they are not in as much danger yet as
we are."

"I'll get some one to go, I'll get
Marty," replied her husband; "I'll
get some one to go, I'll get some one
to go, I'll get some one to go, I'll get
some one to go, I'll get some one to go,
or they won't be by the time they get
it, and the letter and get here."

"Oh, John! John! it is possible that
we have lost everything!" sobbed Mrs.
Parsons, dropping into a chair and
burying her face in her apron.

John Parsons made no reply, and
after a few moments his wife checked
her sobs and raising her head asked:

"Is there no way? Can not the dam
be rebuilt and made strong enough and
high enough to stop this awful de-
struction of the homes of honest peo-
ple?"

"I reckon we'd do everything that
kin be done," he returned, "except it
is to push for the injunction on the
companies, and that ain't any use now
that the damage is done, and as for the
dam, why the hull gulch is chock-full
of slickings and stuff, and there ain't no
possible chance of doin' anything."

"No, wife," he added in a hopeless
tone of voice, "there can't nothin' be
done. We're driv out agin by them as
cares nothin' for others, or who think
that nothin' is wrong that the law can't
punish 'em for, and we have got to
work hard in our old age and may be
die in a poor-house at the end. If it
wasn't for you and Johnny I should
wish I were dead a ready, and I don't
see as there's any use in my livin' any
longer anyway, for I can't seem to per-
fect them as is dependent on me, though
the Lord knows I've tried to do it."

Mrs. Parsons arose and came and put
her arms around his neck and laid her
head upon his shoulder.

"You have done all you could, John,
and all anybody could have done," she
said, "and you must not feel so, dear.
It is better for us a thousand times to
lose the place and everything on it than
to lose you." And then, seeing the
tears start in his eyes, she added: "Don't
cry, dear. We have each other yet,
and the children, and will manage
some way. The girls will probably
marry soon, so that they will not suf-
fer greatly by the loss of the ranch, and
we shall then have only ourselves and
Johnny to provide for, and if we live to
be too old to work I am sure the chil-
dren will be glad to have us with them."

"May be, may be," returned her hus-
band. "I hope so, for your sake and
Johnny's, but I want to die before I be-
come a burden on any one. Ef Lucy
and Erastus, now, had a married and
could have had the place all right, I
shouldn't ever have thought of bein' a
burden on them, 'cause they're both
our own children like, but now we have
no place for ourselves, let alone givin'
it to them, and Lucy has took a notion
to marry one of the chaps, as is respon-
sible for our ruin, and I'm thinkin' he
wouldn't be over proud of the old folks
ef they was to ask for a place by his
fire-side in the big house they's agoin'
to live in New York. At any rate I'll
never ask it. I'd rather starve."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Newspaper publishers in New Guine-
a, and on the Isthmus of Panama, com-
plain loudly of post-office officials who
take papers out of wrappers to read
and forget to put them back.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

Louisville Leaf Tobacco Market.

Burley tobacco have had a fair general
demand, but there has been no especial ur-
gency, and in certain grades, common lugs,
good lugs and common leaf, prices are
about 25c lower, while other grades are
steady. The demand for low grade export
Burley has been fair. Good and fine leaf
is without quotable variations. Crop ad-
vices from many counties have been unsat-
isfactory. In addition to the now chronic
complaints from the Burley districts east of
Louisville, there have been more unfavor-
able reports from Breckinridge, Davies,
Union and McLean, from portions of the
Heart County section, and from the Clark-
sville district. The tobacco section of Ten-
nessee is also suffering from drouth. A
seasonable September would go a great
way toward redeeming the crop, but at
present its condition presents marked ir-
regularities, and a moderate yield is indi-
cated. We quote 1884 tobaccos as fol-
lows for full-weight packages:

	Dark and Heavy.	Burley.
Trash	\$3 750 4 00	\$3 750 4 50
Common lugs	4 250 4 75	4 250 5 00
Medium lugs	5 000 5 25	5 000 5 50
Good lugs	5 500 6 00	6 250 6 75
Common leaf	6 250 7 50	7 000 7 50
Medium leaf	7 250 9 00	8 000 11 50
Good leaf	9 250 10 50	10 000 12 00
Fancy leaf	13 000 17 00	15 000 22 00

Miscellaneous Items.

A strong spring of mineral water, very
similar to that of Blue Lick, has been dis-
covered in the suburbs of Hawesville.

FLUX of the most virulent type is epi-
demic on the Big Reedy and Bear Creek in
Butler County. Whole families are stricken
down and some of the best citizens have
fallen victims to the disease. It is attended
with a low type of malignant fever.

"UNCLE JACK" MOORE died at Sulphur
Wells, Metacafe County, the other day,
aged seventy-two years. He was one of
the most popular and prominent citizens of
Green, and, with the exception of one term,
had been jailer of that county for forty
years.

JOSEPH HEIM, a Louisville shoe mer-
chant, is missing. He went by the back
door.

At Oakland, Marshall County, a drug-
gist sold a bottle of morphine for quinine
to L. Reddy, who took an overdose, from
the effects of which he died next day.

THE axe factory of W. C. Kelly, at Loui-
sville, was destroyed by fire.

FLOYD WILLIAMS was hanged at Compton,
Ky., for the murder of Pete Stricklin,
in June, 1884.

FIRE destroyed the cask factory of
Schwartzwalder & Son, Louisville.

THE young ladies of a Pembroke school
have organized a base ball club and are
open to engagements.

W. A. WICKLIFFE, of Fulton, has been
appointed Deputy United States Marshal,
with headquarters at Paducah.

WM. BEASOM has been given two years
in the Penitentiary from Union County for
a murder committed two years ago.

THE Owensboro and Nashville road is to
have new rails upon the entire track be-
tween the former place and Livermore.

THE Adair County Agricultural Society
is a prosperous association. It has just
declared an annual dividend of 42 per cent.

THE Central City Argus is responsible for
the story of a blind shepherd dog which
drives up his master's cows as well as any
man.

THE old town of Scottville is rejuvenated
by the appearance of a railroad, and re-
ports that all classes of business are hav-
ing a boom.

At Nicholasville, the jury in the case of
Pratt O'Neal, charged with stealing money
from T. W. Coolidge, C. S. R. R. Agent,
brought in a verdict of acquittal.

LINDSEY BUCKNER walked up behind A.
Lagmas Snyder, at Lexington, and killed
him with a shotgun without warning. No
known provocation existed. Buckner es-
caped.

THE old Holliday house, in Nicholas
County, burned with all its contents, the
occupants, Mr. W. J. Collier and family,
barely escaping with their lives. Loss
\$15,000.

MESSES. APPLETON, Lancaster & Duff
had thirty-eight cases of dry goods—
about \$10,000 worth—on the way from
East to their new store in Georgetown, de-
stroyed by fire on the Chesapeake and
Ohio Railroad.

MAJOR WILLIAM KINNEY has presented
to the Polytechnic Library a curiously
carved pipe that was picked up in the field,
where was fought the last battle with the
Indians in Kentucky. The pipe is about a
foot in length and the bowl is made of
stone, carved into the exact shape of a
beaver's body. When the Major went to
the mountains as prosecuting attorney in
Judge Jackson's court, he stopped at
Whitesburg, the county seat of Letcher.
During his stay there the postmaster pre-
sented him with the pipe. One of the in-
habitants of Whitesburg found the pipe
on the side of a small mountain near
Whitesburg. On this spot, nearly a hun-
dred years ago, the Indians fought their
last battle for the possession of the "Dark
and Bloody Ground." The red men had al-
most disappeared from this State, and it
was supposed that nothing more would be
seen of them, when suddenly a small band,
led by a man named Blint, made a raid,
killing and wounding a number of people.
On the side of the mountain near Whites-
burg they were met by a party of whites,
and a hand-to-hand combat ensued. The
Indians were finally repulsed, with a loss
of several of their number, but the others
fled with such rapidity that they were never
seen or heard of in Kentucky again. That
was the last battle fought by the Indians in
this State.—Courier-Journal.

In the United States Court at Louisville,
Speed Steel, Richard Geas, Morris Wal-
kins, Abe Shepherd, Con Madden, Joe Min-
ton, Wm. Smith and Ben Dalton pleaded
guilty of being moonshiners, and were fined
\$100, with from thirty to sixty days' im-
prisonment.

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.

This One is Vouched for as Being
True.

A Reptile Two Feet Long Has Been Living
in a Child's Stomach.

HARTFORD CITY, IND., September 6.—

Lillie M. Hahn, seven years of age, living
three miles south of this city, commenced
complaining of a pain in the stomach over
three months ago. She gradually became
worse until, during a paroxysm of suffer-
ing, she was threatened with convulsions.
She often described her sensations as that
something was alive in her stomach, and
said she could feel it move. She was med-
icated much of the time, and often warm
medicine was administered, the idea pre-
vailing that it was stomach worms that
caused her suffering. She became
emaciated, weak and almost bloodless,
her appetite was depraved, and she took
little nourishment, except of a fluid nature.
She was troubled with great thirst, often
drinking copious draughts of water, after
which she would be relieved for an hour or
more. During the last week she complain-
ed of pain in her bowels, and her sufferings
at times became almost unbearable. She
was confined to her bed, and her friends
thought dissolution would soon end her
agony. On Friday morning last she ex-
pelled from the bowels an object over
two feet in length, and at
once exclaimed to her parents, "I am
better now; oh, I feel so good!" Micro-
scopic observations developed the fact
that the object discharged from the bowels
of the little sufferer was a species of water-
snake, and it is now in the possession of
a reporter, and